VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua.

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dwelling at the ſigne of the Holy Ghoſt, in
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G.STEEVENS

45.
6. 30.
1264.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE OF Southhampton, and Baron of Tichfield.

RIght honorable, I know not how I ſhal offend in dedicating my vnpoliſht lines to your Lordſhip; nor how the world will cenſure mee for chuſing ſo ſtrong a prop, to ſupport ſo weake a burthen: only if your Honour ſeeme but pleaſed, I account my ſelf highly praiſed, & vow to take aduantage of all idle hours till I haue honored you with ſome grauer labor. But if the firſt heir of my inuentiõ proue deformed, I ſhal be ſory it had ſo noble a godfa-

ther, and neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harueſt. I leaue it to your Honorable ſuruey, and your Honour to your hearts content: which I wiſh may alwaies anſwere your own wiſh and the Worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honours in all duety,

William Shakeſpeare.

VE-

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſun, with purple coloured face,
Had tane his laſt leaue of the weeping morn,
Roſe cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chaſe:
Hunting he lov'd, but loue he laught to ſcorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amain vnto him,
And like a bold fac't ſuter 'gins to woe him.

Thrice fairer then my ſelfe (thus ſhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, ſweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doues, or roſes are:
Nature that made thee, with her ſelfe at ſtrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder to alight thy ſteed,
And reigne his proud head to the ſaddle bowe:
If thou wilt deigne this fauour, for thy meed,
A thouſand hony ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
And beeing ſet, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatietie,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale, with freſh varietie:
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twentie.
A Summers day will ſeeme an houre but ſhort,
Beeing waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeiſeth on his ſweating palme,
The preſident of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her paſſion calles it balme,
Earths ſoueraine ſalue to doe a goddeſſe good:
Being ſo enrag'd, deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to plucke him from his horſe.

Ouer one arme the luſtie Courſers raine,
Vnder the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſht and powted in a dull diſdaine,
With leaden appetitie, vnapt to toy.
She red and hote, as coales of glowing fire:
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle, on a ragged bough,
Nimbly ſhe faſtens, (ô how quick is loue!)
The Steed is ſtalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to proue,
Backward ſhe puſht him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And gouernd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

So

So ſoone was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips.
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And gins to chide, but ſoone ſhe ſtops his lips,
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken;
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall neuer open.

He burns with baſhfull ſhame, ſhee with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windy ſighs and golden heares,
To fan and blow them drie againe ſhe ſeekes.
He ſaith ſhe is immodeſt, blames her miſſe,
What followes more, ſhee ſmothers with a kiſſe.

Euen as an emptie Eagle, ſharpe by faſt,
Tires with her beake on feathers, fleſh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in haſt,
Till either gorge be ſtuft, or prey be gone:
Euen ſo ſhe kiſt his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc't to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the ſteame, as on a prey,
And cals it heauenly moyſture, ayre of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowrs,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowrs.

Looke how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſtned in her armes *Adonis* lies:
Pure ſhame & aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflowe the bank.

Still ſhe intreats, and pretily entreates:
For to a pretie eare ſhe tunes her tale:
Still is he ſullen, ſtill he lowres and frets.
Twixt crimſon ſhame, and anger aſhie pale;
Being red ſhe loues him beſt, and being white,
Her beſt is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, ſhe cannot chuſe but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand ſhe ſweares,
From his ſoft boſome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
Which long haue raind, making her cheeks all wet,
And one ſweet kis ſhall pay this countleſs debt.

Vpon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a diue-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what ſhe did craue.
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

Neuer did paſſenger in Summers heat
More thirſt for drink, then ſhe for this good turn.
Her helpe ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
  Oh pittie gan ſhe cry, flint harted boy,
  Tis but a kis I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue been woo'd, as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the ſterne and direfull God of warre,
Whoſe ſinowie neck in battell nere did bow.
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
  Yet hath he been my captiue and my ſlaue,
  And begd for that which thou vnaskt ſhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His battred ſhield, his vncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learnd to ſport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, ſmile and ieſt,
  Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſigne red,
  Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-rul'd, I ouerſwayed,
Leading him priſoner in a red roſe chaine:
Strõg tempred ſteel his ſtronger ſtrength obeied,
Yet was he ſeruile to my coy diſdaine.
  Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For maſtring her that foild the God of fight.

Touch

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red)
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
Looke in mine eye-bals, where thy beauty lies.
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
These blew veind violets, whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know they what we meane.

The tender spring, vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted:
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beauty within it selfe should not be wasted.
Fair flowrs, that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot and consume themselues in little time.

Were I hard fauourd, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Oreworn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking ioyce,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee:
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me? Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright, & quick in turning:
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearely growe,
My fleſh is ſoft and plum, my marrow burning:
My ſmooth moiſt hād, were it with thy hād felt,
Would in thy palme diſſolue or ſeeme to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairy trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nymph, with long diſheueled heare
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeene.
Loue is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſſe to ſinke, but light and will aſpire.

Witneſſe this Primroſe bank wheron I lie, (me:
The forceleſſe flowers, like ſturdie trees ſupport
Two ſtrēgthles doues wil draw me thrugh the sky
Frō morne til night, euen where I liſt to ſport me.
Is loue ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhouldſt thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne hart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy ſelfe, be of thy ſelfe reiected,
Steale thine owne freedome, & complaine of theft.
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And dyed to kiſſe his ſhadow in the brooke.

Torches

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beautie for the vſe,
Hearbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to beare:
Things growing to thēſelues, are grouthes abuſe.
Seeds ſpring frō ſeeds, & beauty breedeth beauty:
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increaſe why ſhouldſt thou feed,
Vnleſſe the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue when thou thy ſelfe art dead:
And ſo in ſpight of death thou dooſt ſuruiue,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left aliue.

By this, the loue-ſick Queene began to ſweat.
For where they lay the ſhadow had forſook them:
And *Tytan* tired in the midday heat,
VVith burning eye did hotly ouerlook them,
VViſhing *Adonis* had his teame to guide;
So he were like him, and by *Venus* ſide.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie ſpright,
And with a heauie, darke, diſliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheeks, cries fie, no more of loue,
The ſun doth burne my face, I mnſt remoue.

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) young, and ſo vnkind!
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gon?
I'le ſigh celeſtiall breath, whoſe gentle wind
Shall coole the heat of this deſcending ſun:
I'le make a ſhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, I'le quench thē with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heauen ſhines but warm,
And loe I lie between that ſun and thee:
The heat I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth mee:
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Between this heauenly and earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as ſteele?
Nay more then flint, for ſtone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans ſonne, and canſt not feele
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O, had thy mother born ſo bad a mind, (kind.
She had not brought forth thee, but died vn-

What am I, that thou ſhouldſt contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my ſute?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poore kiſſe?
Speak, Fair: but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute.
Giue me one kiſſe, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for int'reſt, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

Fy, liueleſſe picture, cold and ſenſeleſſe ſtone,
Well painted Idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans cõplexion.
For men will kiſſe euen by their owne direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And ſwelling paſſion doth prouoke a pauſe,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong,
Beeing iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe,
And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe fain wold ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
And when frõ thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I haue hemd thee heere,
Within the circuit of this Iuory pale,
I'le be the parke, and thou ſhalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt, on mountaine or in dale.
Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hils be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lie.

Within

Within this limit is reliefe enough,
Sweet bottom graſſe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from raine:
Then be my deere, ſince I am ſuch a parke,
No dog ſhal rouze thee, though a thouſand bark.

At this *Adonis* ſmiles, as in diſdaine,
That in each cheeke appeares a pretty dimple.
Loue made thoſe hollowes: if himſelfe were ſlaine,
He might be buried in a tombe ſo ſimple:
Fore-knowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there loue liv'd, & there hee could not die.

Theſe louely caues, thoſe round inchaunting pits,
Opened their mouthes to ſwallow *Venus* liking:
Beeing mad before, how doth ſhee now for wits?
Strooke dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheek that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turne? what ſhal ſhe ſay?
Her words are don, her woes the more increaſing:
The time is ſpent, her obiect will away,
And from her twyning armes doth vrge releaſing.
Pittie ſhe cries, ſome fauour, ſome remorſe:
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But

But loe, from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding Iennet, lusty, yong and proud,
Adonis trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs alowde:
The strong neckt steed, beeing tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reigne, & to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds:
And now his wouen girts he breakes asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he woũds,
Whose hollow wõb resoũds like heauens thunder:
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compast crest now stands on end.
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe,
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiesty and modest pride,
Anon he reares vpright, curuets, and leapes;
As who should say, Lo thus my strength is tryde,
And thus I do to captiuate the eye
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

What recketh he his riders angry ſtur,
His flattering Holla, or his Stand I ſay,
What cares he now, for curb, or pricking ſpur,
For rich capariſons, or trapping gay?
He ſees his loue, and nothing elſe he ſees:
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would ſurpaſſe the life,
In limming out a well proportioned ſteed,
His Art with Natures workmanſhip at ſtrife,
As if the dead the liuing ſhould exceed:
So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooſt, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag & long,
Broad breſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrõg
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould haue, he did not lack,
Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a bace he now prepares,
And where he run or flie they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile the high wind ſings,
Fanning the haires, who wane like feathered wings.

He looks vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She answers him as if she knew his mind.
Being proud, as females are, to see him wooe her,
She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes vnkind,
Spurnes at his loue & scornes the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy male-content,
He vales his taile: that, like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stampes, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His teastie Master goes about to take him,
When loe, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boysterous and vnruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest.
For louers say, the hart hath trebble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

An

An Ouen that is ſtopt, or Riuer ſtaid,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words loues fire doth aſſwage:
But when the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The clyent breakes, as deſperate in his ſute.

He ſees her comming, and begins to glowe;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry browe,
Lookes on the dull earth with diſturbed mind:
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nie,
For all aſcance he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was wiſtly to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wey ward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red each other did deſtroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flaſht forth fire, and lightning from the sky.

Now was ſhe iuſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowely louer downe ſhe kneeles,
With one faire hand ſhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeks ſeeles:
His tender cheeks receiue her ſoft hands print,
As apt as new fallen ſnowe takes any dint.

Oh what a war of looks was then between them?
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes ſuing,
His eyes ſaw her eyes, as they had not ſeene them,
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdaind the wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plaine,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eies did raine.

Full gently now ſhe takes him by the hand,
A Lilly priſond in a gaile of ſnowe,
Or Iuory in an Alablaſter band,
So white a friend ingirts ſo white a foe:
This beautious combat wilful, and vnwilling,
Shewd like two ſiluer doues that ſit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began.
O faireſt mouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My hart all whole as thine, thy hart my wound:
For one ſweet look my help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure (thee.

Giue me my hand (ſaith he) why doſt thou feele it?
Giue me my hart (ſaith ſhe) & thou ſhalt haue it.
O giue it me, leaſt thy hard hart doe ſteele it,
And being ſteeld, ſoft ſighs can neuer graue it:
Then loues deepe groanes I neuer ſhall regard,
Becauſe *Adonis* hart hath made mine hard.

For

For ſhame he cryes, let goe, and let me go,
My daies delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him ſo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone.
For all my mind, my thought, my buſie care,
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus ſhe replies; Thy Palfrey, as ſhe ſhold,
Welcomes the warm approch of ſweet deſire.
Affection is a coale that muſt be coold,
Elſe ſuffred, it will ſet the heart on fire.
The ſea hath boũds, but deepe deſire hath none,
Therfore no maruel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a iade he ſtood tyed to a tree,
Seruilely maiſtred with a lethren raine!
But when he ſaw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdaine,
Throwing the baſe thong frõ his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breſt.

Who ſees his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight?
Who is ſo faint, that dares not be ſo bold
To touch the fire the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I hartily beseech thee,
To take aduantage on presented ioy, (thee.
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue: the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnlesse it be a boare, and then I chase it.
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it.
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughes, & weeps, & all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The colt that's backt, and burthened being yong,
Loseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding hart,
To loues alarme it will not ope the gate:
Dismisse your vows, your fained tears, your flattry:
For where a hart is hard, they make no battry.

What

What canſt thou talk(quoth ſhe)haſt thou a tong?
O would thou hadſt not,or I had no hearing.
Thy Mermaids voice hath done me double wrõg:
I had my load before, now preſt with bearing,
Melodious diſcord, heauenly tune harſh ſounding,
Earths deepe ſweete muſick,and harts deepe ſore
(wounding.

Had I no eyes but eares,my eares would loue
That inward beautie and inuiſible.
Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
Each part in me that were but ſenſible.
Though neither eyes nor eares,to heare nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the ſenſe of reaſon were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee,nor heare,nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my loue to thee be ſtill as much.
For from the ſtillitory of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
(ſmelling.

But oh what banquet wert thou to the taſt,
Beeing nurſe and feeder of the other foure!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould euer laſt,
And bid ſuſpicion double lock the doore;
Leaſt Iealouſie, that ſoure vnwelcome gueſt,
Should by his ſtealing in, diſturbe the feaſt?

Once more the ruby-coloured portall opend,
Which to his ſpeech did hony paſſage yield:
Like a red morn that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to Shepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Guſt and foule flawes to heardmen & to herds.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the woolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning ſtrooke her, ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For looks kill loue, and loue by looks reuiueth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed banquerout that by loue ſo thriueth:
The ſilly boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And in a maze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her:
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent:
Fair-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lies as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand waies he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his vnkindneſs mard:
He kiſſes her, and ſhe, by her good will,
Will neuer riſe, ſo he will kiſſe her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſun, when in his freſh array,
He cheeres the morn, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whoſe beames vpon his hairleſs face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their ſhine:
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his brows repine: (light,
But hirs, which through the cryſtall teares gaue
Shone like the moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morn, or wearie euen?
Doe I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liu'd: and life was deaths annoy:
But now I di'd, and death was liuely ioy.

O thou didſt kill me, kill me once againe.
Thy eyes ſhrewd tutor, that hard hart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, & ſuch diſdain,
That they haue murdred this poore hart of mine:
And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queene,
But for thy pitious lips no more had ſeene.

Long may they kiſſe each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimſon liueries weare,
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare;
That the ſtar-gazers hauing writ on death,
May ſay the plague is baniſht by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeales, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell my ſelfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vſe good dealing:
Which purchaſe if thou make, for feare of ſlips,
Set thy ſeale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buyes my hart from me,
And pay them at thy leaſure one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for nonpaiment that the debt ſhould double,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Faire

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſſe with my vnripe yeares.
Before I know my ſelfe ſeek not to know me,
No fiſher but the vngrowne fry forbeares.
The mellow plum doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being yerly pluckt, is ſowre to taſt.

Looke, the worlds comforter, with weary gate,
His daies hot taſk hath ended in the Weſt,
The owle (nights herald) ſhrieks, tis very late,
The ſheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neſt,
The cole-black clouds that ſhadow heauēs light,
Doe ſummon vs to part and bid Good night.

Now let me ſay Good night, and ſo ſay you,
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall haue a kiſſe.
Good night (quoth ſhe) and ere he ſaies adue,
The hony fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes do lend his neck a ſweet embrace,
Incorporat then they ſeem, face grows to face.

Till breathleſſe he diſioynd, and backward drew
The heauenly moyſture, that ſweet coral mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte, her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complaine on drouth.
He with her plenty preſt, ſhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

Now quick deſire hath caught her yeelding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſome the inſulter willeth.
Whoſe vultur thought doth pitch the price ſo hy,
That ſhe will draw his lips rich treaſure dry.

And hauing felt the ſweetnes of the ſpoyle,
With blind-fold furie ſhe begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & ſmoke, her bloud doth boile,
And careleſſe luſt ſtirres vp a deſperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reaſon back,
Forgetting ſhames pure bluſh, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with to much hādling
Or as the fleet foot Roe, that's tired with chaſing,
Or like the froward Infant ſtild with dandling,
He now obeies, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.

What wax ſo frozen but diſſolues with tempring,
And yields at laſt to euerie light impreſſion?
Things out of hope, are cōpaſt oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whoſe leaue exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac't coward,
But thē wooes beſt, whē moſt his choiſe is froward.

When

When he did frown, ô had ſhe then gaue ouer,
Such Nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuckt.
Foule words and frownes muſt not repell a louer.
What though the roſe haue pricks, yet is it pluckt:
Were beauty vnder twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laſt.

For pittie now ſhe can no more detaine him,
The poore foole praies her that he may depart:
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
The which by *Cupids* boaw ſhe doth proteſt,
He carries thence incaged in his breſt.

Sweet boy, ſhe ſaies, this night Ile waſte in ſorrow:
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me loues maſter, ſhall we meet to morrow?
Say, ſhall we, ſhall wee, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intends
To hunt the Boar with certaine of his friends.

The Boar (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawne being ſpred vpon the bluſhing roſe,
Vſurpes hir cheeks, ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking armes ſhe throwes.
She ſinketh downe ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly fals, ſhe on her back.

Now

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth proue,
He will not manage her although he mount her,
That worſe then *Tantalus*, is her annoy,
To clip *Elyſium*, and to lack her ioy.

Euen ſo poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Doe ſurfet by the eye, and pine the mawe:
Euen ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhappes,
As thoſe poore birds, that helpleſſe berries ſaw;
The warm effects which ſhe in him finds miſſing
Shee ſeeks to kindle with continuall kiſſing.

But all in vaine: good Queene, it will not be,
She hath aſſayd as much as may be prov'd,
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee,
Shee's loue, ſhe loues, and yet ſhe is not lov'd:
Fie, fie, he ſayes, you cruſh me, let me go,
You haue no reaſon to with-hold me ſo.

Thou hadſt bin gone (quoth ſhe) ſweet boy ere this
But that thou told'ſt mee, thou would'ſt hunt the (boare.
O beaduis'd, thou knoweſt not what it is,
With Iauelines poynt, a churliſh ſwine to goare,
Whoſe tuſhes neuer ſheath'd he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

On his bowe back, he hath a battell ſet,
Of briſtly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glowe-worms ſhine whē he doth fret,
His ſnowt digs ſepulchres where ere he goes:
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes whatere is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proofe thē thy ſpear's point can enter,
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearefull of him, part, through whō he ruſhes.

Alas, he nought eſteemes that face of thine,
To which loues eye payes tributary gazes,
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtall eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amaſes:
But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Wold root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill:
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foule fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thriue well, take counſel of their friends.
Whē thou didſt name the Boar, not to diſſemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didſt

Didſt thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saweſt thou not ſignes of feare lurke in mine eye?
Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my boſome, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding hart pants, beats, & takes no reſt,
But like an earthquake ſhakes thee on my breſt.

For whete loue raignes, diſturbing iealouſie
Doth call himſelfe affections Centinell,
Giue falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, kill, kill,
Diſtempering gentle loue with his deſire,
As ayre and water doth abate the fire.

This ſoure informer, this bate-breeding ſpy,
This canker that eats vp loues tender ſpring,
This carry-tale, diſſentious iealouſie,
That ſomtimes true news, ſomtime falſ doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death ſhould feare.

And more then ſo, preſenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry chafing Boare,
Vnder whoſe ſharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thy ſelfe, all ſtaynd with goare:
Whoſe bloud vpon the freſh flowrs being ſhed,
Doth make thē droop with grief & hāg the hed.

What

What ſhould I doe? ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleed,
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophecy thy death, my liuing ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by mee,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the fox which liues by ſubtilty,
Or at the Roe which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearefull creatures o're the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keepe with thy (hounds.
And when thou haſt on foot the purblind Hare,
Marke the poore wretch, to ouerſhut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and croſſes with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth t'amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell,
And ſometime where earth-deluing conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell,
And ſomtime ſorteth with a heard of deare.
Danger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſent-ſnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry, til they haue ſingled
With much adoo the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they ſpend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chaſe were in the skies.

By this, poore Wat far off vpon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtning eare,
To harken if his foes purſue him ſtill:
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one ſore ſicke, that heares the paſſing bell.

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier his wearie legges doth ſcratch,
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay.
For miſery is troden on by many;
And being low, neuer releeu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe.
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike my ſelfe thou hear'ſt me moralize,
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo:
For loue can comment vpon euery wo.

Where

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent: why what of that (quoth ſhe?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I ſhall fall.
In night (quoth ſhe) deſire ſees beſt of all.

But if thou fall, oh, then imagine this,
The earth, in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſſe.
Rich preys make rich men theeues: ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt *Diane* clowdy and forlorne,
Leaſt ſhe ſhould ſteale a kiſs & die forſworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reaſon,
Cynthia for ſhames obſcures her ſiluer ſhine,
Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
Wherin ſhe fram'd thee in hie heauens deſpight,
To ſhame the ſunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the deſtinies,
To croſſe the curious workmanſhip of Nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it ſubiect to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchaunces and much miſery.

As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint,
Life poyſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating ſickneſſe, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfets, impoſtumes, griefe & damnd deſpaire,
Sweare Natures death for framing thee ſo faire.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies,
But in one minutes ſight brings beauty vnder:
Both fauour, ſauour, hew, and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the ſudden, waſted, thaw'd and done,
As mountaine ſnow melts, with the midday ſun.

Therefore, deſpight of fruitleſſe chaſtitie,
Loue-lacking Veſtals, and ſelfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſonnes,
Be prodigall: the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body, but a ſwallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that poſteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt haue
If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcuritie?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdaine,
Sith in thy pride, ſo faire a hope is ſlaine.

So

So in thy ſelfe thy ſelfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
Or theirs whoſe deſperate hands thẽſelues do ſlay,
Or butchers ſire, that reaues his ſonne of life.
Foule cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets:
But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth *Adon*, you will fall againe
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kiſſe I gaue you is beſtow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
For by this black fac't night, deſires foule nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe & worſe.

If loue haue lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Mermaids ſongs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know, my hart ſtands armed in my eare,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leaſt the deceiuing harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breſt,
And then my little hart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of reſt:
No Lady, no: my hart longs not to groane,
But ſoundly ſleepes, while now it ſleepes alone.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reproue?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth vnto danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuiſe in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euery ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: ô ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawde to luſts abuſe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth vſurpt his name:
Vnder whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed,
Vpon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, & ſoon bereaues,
As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine:
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne.
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine:
Luſts winter comes, ere ſummer halfe be done.
Loue ſurfets not: luſt like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth: luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell: but more I dare not ſay.
The text is old, the Orator too greene.
Therefore in ſadneſſe, now I will away,
My face is full of ſhame, my hart of teene:
Mine eares that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burne themſelues for hauing ſo offended.

With

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet imbrace
Of thoſe fair armes which bound him to her breſt,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runnes
Leaues loue vpõ her back deeply diſtreſt. (apace,
Looke how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye:

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waues will haue him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſſe and pitchy night,
Fold-in the obiect that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the floud,
Or 'ſtoniſht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in ſome miſtruſtful wood:
Euen ſo confounded in the darke ſhe lay,
Hauing loſt the faire diſcouerie of her way.

And now ſhe beats her hart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbor caues, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones:
Paſſion, on paſſion, deeply is redoubled:
Eigh me, ſhe cries, and twenty times woe, woe,
And twenty ecchoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wayling note,
And ſings extemp'rally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall & old mē dote,
How loue is wiſe in folly, fooliſh witty:
Her heauy antheme ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the quire of ecchoes anſwer ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelues, others they think delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withall,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites,
Like ſhril tongu'd Tapſters anſwering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits:
She ſaid, tis ſo, they anſwer all tis ſo,
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſun ariſeth in his Maieſtie:
Who doth the world ſo glorioufly behold,
That Cedar tops & hils ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow;
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
From whō each lamp & ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſon, that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a Myrtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue,
She harkens for his hounds and for his horne:
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twyne about her thigh to make her ſtay:
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawne hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall folds iuſt in his way,
The fear wherof doth make him ſhake & ſhudder:
Euen ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds,
Appalles her ſenſes, and her ſpirit confounds.

For

For now ſhe knowes it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proud:
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloude:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtraine curt'ſie who ſhal cope him firſt.

This diſmall cry rings ſadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her hart:
Who ouercome by doubt & bloudleſſe feare,
With cold-pale weaknes nums each feeling part:
Like ſouldiers when their captaine once doth yield,
They baſely flie, & dare not ſtay the field.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling extaſie,
Till cheering vp her ſenſes ſore diſmaid,
She tels them tis a cauſeleſſe fantaſie,
And childiſh error that they are afraid,
Bids them leaue quaking, will's them feare no more:
And with that word ſhe ſpi'd the hunted boare:

Whoſe frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk & bloud being mingled both togither,
A ſecond feare through all her ſinewes ſpred,
Which madly hurries her, ſhe knowes not whither:
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thouſand ſpleenes beare her a thouſand waies,
She treads the path that ſhe vntreads againe,
Her more then haſte is marred with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And askes the wearie catife for his Maſter,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainſt venim'd ſores the onely ſoueraign plaſter,
And heere ſhe meets another ſadly ſcouling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks,& he replies with houling.

When he had ceaſt his ill reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner black & grim
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice,
Another and another anſwere him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their ſcratcht eares,bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, ſignes and prodigies,
Wheron with fearefull eyes they long haue gazed,
Infuſing them with dreadfull prophecies:
So ſhe at theſe ſad ſignes drawes vp her breath;
And ſighing it againe, exclames on death.

Hard

Hard fauoured tyrant, vgly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides ſhe Death)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earths worm what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty and to ſteale his breath? (meane
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmel to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no: it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it.
O yes, it may: thou haſt no eyes to ſee;
But hatefully at randome doſt thou hit.
Thy marke is feeble age: but thy falſe dart
Miſtakes that ayme, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower:
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not Deaths Ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.

Dooſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch (weeping?
What may a heauy grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt, into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruind with thy rigour.

Heere ouer-come, as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eye lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The cryſtall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
In the ſweet channell of her boſome dropt. (rain,
But through the floud-gates breakes the ſiluer
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in her teares, teares in her eye,
Both cryſtals, where they viewd each others ſorow,
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry:
But like a ſtormy day, now wind now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make thē wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriuing which ſhould beſt become her griefe:
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euery preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe:
But none is beſt: then ioyne they all together,
Like many clowds conſulting for foule weather.

By this, far off, ſhe heares ſome huntſman hollow:
A nurſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well.
The dire imagination, ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell.
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voice.

Where-

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Beeing priſon'd in her eye, like pearles in glaſſe:
Yet ſometime falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts: as ſcorning it ſhould paſs
To waſh the foule face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-beleeuing loue, how ſtrange it ſeemes
Not to beleiue, and yet too credulous!
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames,
Deſpaire and hope make thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now ſhe vnweaues the web that ſhe had wrought,
Adonis liues; and Death is not too blame:
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to naught;
Now ſhe ads honour to his hatefull name,
She cleeps him King of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperiall ſupreme of all mortall things.

No, no (quoth ſhe) ſweet death I did but ieſt:
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the Boare that bloudy beaſt,
Which knowes no pitty, but is ſtill ſeuere:
Then gentle ſhadow (truth I muſt confeſſe)
I raild on thee, fearing my loues deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the boare prouok't my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuiſible commander)
'Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy ſlander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate:
And that his beauty may the better thriue,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate;
Tels him of trophies, ſtatues, tombes & ſtories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue*, quoth ſhe, how much a foole was I,
To be of ſuch a weake and ſilly mind,
To waile his death who liues and muſt not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlaine,
And beauty dead, black *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art ſo full of feare,
As one with treaſure laden, hemd with theeues:
Trifles (vnwitneſſed with eye or eare)
Thy Coward heart with falſe bethinking greeues:
Euen at this word ſhe heares a merry horne,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As Faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies:
The graſſe ſtoopes not, ſhe treads on it ſo light,
And in her haſte vnfortunately ſpies
The foule boars conqueſt on her faire delight.
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murdred with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

Or as the ſnayle, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly caue with paine,
And there all ſmothered vp in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloudy view, her eyes are fled
Into the deepe dark cabins of her head.

Where they reſigne their office and their light,
To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine:
Who bids them ſtill conſort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the hart with looks again,
Who like a King perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie ſubiect quakes,
As when the wind impriſoned in the ground,
Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cõfoũd.
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe, (eyes.
That from their dark beds once more leape her

And

And, being opened, threw vnwilling sight
Vpon the wide wound that the Boare had trencht
In his soft flank: whose wonted lilly white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drencht.
No flower was nigh, no grasse, herbe, leafe, or weed
But stole his bloud, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she looks so stedfastly, (three,
That her sight dazling makes the wound seeme
And then she reprehends her mangling eye, (be:
That makes more gashes, where no breach should
His face seems twaine, each seuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tong cannot expresse my griefe for one;
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead:
My sighes are blowne away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turnd to fire, my hart to lead.
Heauie harts lead melt at mine eyes, as fire:
So shall I dye by drops of hot desire.

Alas poore world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt,
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſick now? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flours are ſweete, their colours freſh & trim,
But true ſweet beauty liv'd, and dy'de in him.

Bonnet, or vaile henceforth no creature weare:
Nor ſunne nor wind will euer ſtriue to kiſſe you:
Hauing no faire to loſe, you need not feare:
The ſun doth ſcorn you, & the wind doth hiſs you:
But when *Adonis* liv'd, ſunne and ſharp ayre
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whoſe brim the gaudy ſunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his lokes, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And ſtraight in pittie of his tender yeares, (tears.
They both would ſtriue who firſt ſhould dry his

To ſee his face, the Lyon walkt along,
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he wold not fear him:
To recreate himſelfe when he hath ſong,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him:
If he had ſpoke, the Wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When

When he beheld his ſhadow in a brooke,
The fiſhes ſpred on it their golden gils:
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure tooke,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bils
Would bring him mulberies, & ripe red chere-
He fed thē with his ſight, they him with (ries.
(berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-ſnouted boare,
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a graue,
Ne're ſaw the beautious liuery that he wore;
Witneſſe the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſſe him, & hath kild him ſo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* ſlaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his ſharpe ſpeare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kiſſe thought to perſwade him there:
And nouſling in his flanke, the louing ſwine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his ſoft groine.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſſe,
With kiſſing him I ſhould haue kil'd him, firſt:
But he is dead and neuer did he bleſſe
My youth with his: the more I am accurſt:
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtaines her face with his congealed bloud.

Shee looks vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the wofull words ſhe told,
  She lifts the coffer lids that cloſe his eyes,
  Where lo two lamps, burnt out, in darknes lies.

Two glaſſes, where her ſelfe her ſelfe beheld,
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beauty robd of his effect:
  Wonder of time (quoth ſhee) this is my ſpight,
  That you being dead, the day ſhold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be waited on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauory end,
  Nere ſetled equally, too high or lowe;
  That all loues pleaſure ſhal not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraude,
And ſhall be blaſted in a breathing while,
The bottom poyſon, and the top o're-ſtraw'd,
With ſweets, that ſhall the ſharpeſt ſight beguile.
  The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
  Strike the wiſe dumb, & teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring Ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck downe the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſilly mild, (ſures,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeuere,
And moſt deceiuing when it ſeemes moſt iuſt:
Peruerſe it ſhall be, where it ſeems moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſenſion twixt the ſonne and ſire,
Subiect and ſeruile to all diſcontents,
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loue ſhall not enioy.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his bloud that on the ground lay ſpild.
A purple flower ſprung vp checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheeks & the bloud,
Which in round drops vpõ their whiteneſs ſtood.

She

She bows her head, the new-ſprong flowre to ſmel,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath:
And ſaies within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appeares
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe cõpares to teares.

Poor flowre (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire)
For euery little griefe to wet his eyes,
To growe vnto himſelfe was his deſire,
And ſo tis thine: but know it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breſt,
Thou art the next of bloud, and tis thy right,
Loe, in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing hart ſhall rock thee day & night,
There ſhall not be one minute of an houre,
Wherein I will not kiſſe my ſweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues: by whoſe ſwift aide
Their Miſtres mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is conueid, (Queene
Holding their courſe to *Paphos*, where their
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeene.

FINIS.